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JULY & AUGUST

64

"The K.P. Telescope is published to provide the inmate with a medium of creative expression and communication, in order to cultivate a better understanding with the outside world."

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ARTICLES

Suicide	Staff Written	10
No Such Thing		11
The Square: Should He Come Back?		24
The Miracle-Making Frenchman	J. Mayer	26

FEATURES

Penal Press News	Robert Fairchild	2
The Wardens Diary	Fred Segriff	6
The Telescope Crossword Puzzle		17
The Rhythm Room	Reno Taylor	18
But God How We Look For A Flaw		19
Telescoping Sports	Vince Mulligan	20
Poetry		30
Letters To The Editor		31
Crossword Puzzle Answers		32

HUMOUR

Instant Hilarity	M.D.	8
Recessionall	Jay Johnson	29

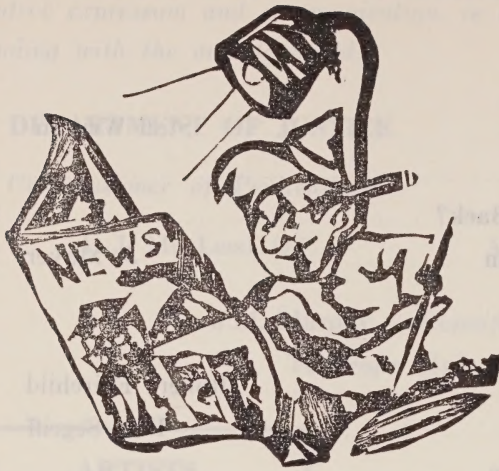
FICTION

Crime and Punishment	T. Thompson	29
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JULY & AUGUST CENSUS

High Number	1054	Low Number	1378
Received During Months	168	Deaths	0
Paroles	0	Discharged by expiration	39
Transferred	134	Escaped	0
Parole Violations	0	Total Population	844

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PENAL NEWS

—Robert D. Fairchild

No more ex-con

New York: (UPI) The New York legislature made into law a bill designed to aid in the rehabilitation of ex-convicts.

The measure, passed unanimously by both houses, made provisions to erase all prior convictions from the record of an ex-felon who goes for five years without an arrest.

Effects of the law will be felt in many ways. No longer can the term "Ex-Con" be used when reporting a story without fear of a libel suit being instituted against the offending publication. A man on the witness stand can deny with impunity his past record and the prosecution may not bring it up for fear of a mistrial.

This should now bring equal justice and unprejudiced verdicts.

(Via News & Views)

Going home!

Nairobi, Kenya: Short-term prisoners here soon will be serving their sentences at home—on government subsistence allowances! The prison Commissioner has decided that it's too

expensive to keep offenders in jail.

(Via The Lens)

Consecutive Federal State terms

Michigan: The State Supreme Court, reversing a previous decision, held that a Michigan prison term cannot be imposed to start at the completion of a previous federal sentence.

Solicitor General, Robert Derengowski said, "Prisoners keep up with all the decisions that could possibly effect their sentences." Derengowski explained further that, "we can expect some appeals for release".

Affected by the four to three court ruling will be prisoners serving Michigan terms. Also affected would be men in federal prisons who have been sentenced to start their current sentences.

(Via The Pillar)

Food For Thought

It is ILLEGAL to read the Bible in public schools in Illinois, but a law requires the State to provide a Bible for every convict! Don't worry, kids, if you can't read the Bible in school, you'll be able to when you get to prison!

Probation time counts on term

Montana: On November 20, 1963, the Supreme Judicial Court of the State of Montana ruled that if a man is sentenced to a period of probation for a crime, and later probation is revoked and he is sent to prison, that while he was on probation he was not in reality a free man, that he was serving a sentence, even though not behind prison walls, and that therefore the amount of time he spent on probation must be deducted from the sentence he receives when the probation is revoked.

The unanimous decision of the Montana court came as a result of a petition filed by Dennis Wetzel, a convicted forger, currently serving a sentence at the Montana State Prison at Dear Lodge.

The argument heard in September on the petition was based solely on this issue: Does a sentence of confinement for a term of years, the execution of which was suspended, commence to run for all practical purposes on the date the judgement of conviction was entered?

In their opinion, the high court justices ruled that it does. The Supreme Court noted that the defendant, while on probation, was not in any true sense of the term a free man. He was in effect serving his sentence, although not within prison walls.

When told by the court "to adjust his records, as rapidly as his facilities will permit, to provide that the release dates shall not be extended beyond the termination of the sentence originally imposed," Warden C. Ellsworth of the Montana prison said that 54 other inmates having good suspension or parole time to be deducted from their

sentences were effected by the ruling.

(Via The Insider)

Blood donors get thirty days

Texas: Blood donors in the Texas Penitentiary are given 30 days of extra good-time for every pint of blood donated.

In addition to the extra 30 days for blood donation, an inmate in the Texas prison automatically earns 20 days of good time for every 30 days served with good behaviour. According to this particular system a prisoner may earn a considerable amount of good time—possibly as much as 65 days a month.

(Via About Face)

Shades of Captain Bligh

The cat-o'-nine-tails is, in the minds of most Canadians, only a quaint reminder of the days of long ago. It conjures up images of bloody battles and pirates on the Spanish Main.

But as Parliament was reminded last month, the lash is very much a part of life in Canada's prisons to-day.

The evolution of the cat-o'-nine-tails has kept pace with the times. The modern version has nine nylon strands, replacing the old fashioned rawhide. . .

There may well have been some improvement in the design of the rack on which the victim is strapped—blood stains can be removed much more easily when wooden racks are covered with some plastic material.

Justice Minister, Guy Favreau, reports that in one recent period, 16 convicted prisoners have been lashed in Canada's prisons. In reply to a question in the House of Commons, he stated that the government is considering amending the criminal code to end the use of the lash.

At present a Judge may decide in certain cases that whipping be added to a jail sentence. The criminal code gives the Judge the right to specify the number of strokes to be administered, but restricts to three the number of times that lashing can be applied.

Why is this brutal relic of a past age still permitted in a country which claims to be civilized?

Why is the cat-o'-nine-tails still in use twelve years after a joint committee of the House of Commons and the Senate recommended that it be abolished?

Mr. Favreau said "it is a matter that ought to be under serious consideration by any Justice Minister—and I try to do what I ought to do."

He should produce his amendment forthwith, and discover if our Parliament is ready to have the state cease practising this barbarity.

(Via Toronto Telegram)

Priests jailed

One year in prison is now mandatory for candidates for the new religious order, Brothers of the Prison.

Originating in Italy, the new order has for its goal the reform of men in prison and the assistance they will need to develop a new life. Young priests are being sought for the order because they are said to be "more attuned to the stress and strain the young experience" in society to-day.

During the probation period in which the candidates train, they will be required to work and live among prisoners without any privileges those in confinement do not have.

The year in jail is expected to give the priests of the Brothers of the Prison more insight and understanding of men who go awry socially.

(Via Mirror)

Abolish rope

Ireland: Charlie Haughey, son-in-law of Ireland's Taoiseach Sean Lemass, in his capacity of Minister of Justice has just shepherded his bill to abolish capital punishment through the Dail and the Irish Senate. All attempts to amend it were defeated or withdrawn. Various deputies and senators tried to get Charlie to leave the death penalty for murder by poisoning, for murder in the course of, or as the result of abortion and for various other exceptions.

As finally passed, the bill does away with the death penalty except for political murders, or the murder of a head of state, or the visiting head of another state, or his family. Some of the citizens feel that this is a case of politicians protecting their own hides, but never mind. The new law also leaves the death penalty for the murder of a member of the Civic Guard in the execution of his duty.

The bill's opponents sensibly argued that if the death penalty was no deterrent to the murders of old ladies, and if it didn't deter poisoners, then it would hardly deter anyone from liquidating a member of the Garda Síochána. However, the minister stuck to his guns (or should it be, "to his rope"?) and the bill went through abolishing the death penalty, except for the murder of policemen, visiting heads of state and their families, and political assassinations.

During the bill's fairly stormy passage constant reference was made to the fairly large number of unsolved murders in Ireland's rather low total of murders. The minister said the detection rate, despite these cases, is good. He also defended "abolition" on the ground that the Garda would get more public co-operation if the citizens knew that their evidence would not result in anyone taking the nine o'clock walk.

(Via Windsor Star)

Prison factory

Sweden: A factory has been designed to produce pre-fabricated houses in prison. This factory-prison will employ 120 prisoners who will receive regular industrial wages ranging from \$1,400.00 to as much as \$2,000.00 annually. Deduction will be made for taxes, room and board, and a regular allowance for the support of their families. Prisoners in this factory will be allowed some week-end passes to visit their families. (In this nation, 75% of convicted persons are now serving out their sentences on one type of probation or another).

(Via The Lens)

Solitary confinement ends

Michigan: One more myth of the "You can't do that" school has been seriously damaged by the abolishment of solitary confinement in Michigan correctional institutions. According to the Michigan Department of Corrections, the fears of those who claimed such a measure would jeopardize discipline in the prisoners were—just that: Fears, unfounded and irrational. . .

Gus Harrison, Director of the Mich-

igan Department of Corrections since 1959, who has called solitary confinement "cruel and barbaric," said in a directive to institution heads in his state: "Except for every serious or repeated offences, the temporary loss of privileges often can serve as sufficient punishment and a deterrent to other inmates. The excessive use of solitary confinement as a punitive device is injurious both physically and mentally to prisoners". . .

Like the wall, barred cells and other custody measures, solitary confinement has long been considered a "necessity" to insure discipline and security in American prisons. But rarely has anyone felt the urge to test this belief.

Michigan has done just that. And, says Harrison, "Since the new rule went into effect, there has been no increase in the number of disciplinary problems; on the contrary, there have been fewer than at any time in my memory."

This makes us wonder if prisoners actually would escape if the walls were torn down, or immediately begin killing one another if knives and forks were placed on the dining tables.

Presumptuously, perhaps, we suggest they would not.

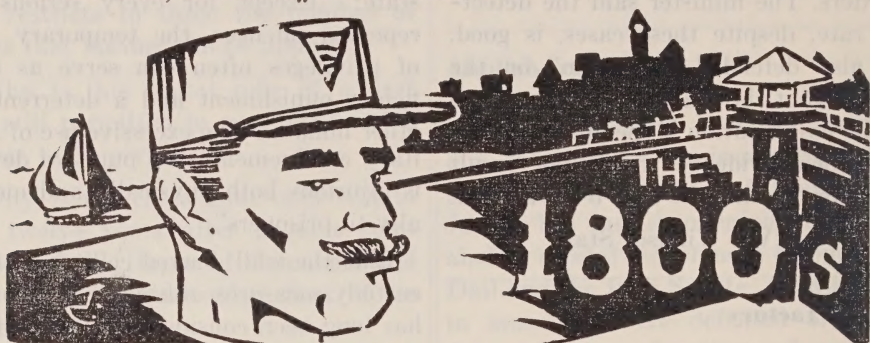
(Via The Reflector)

Barbaric practise revealed

Arkansas: Following an investigation into the administering of corporal punishment in the Arkansas State Penitentiary in Cummings, the Warden admitted that primitive and inhuman treatment is still the policy at his institution for violation of disciplinary rules. A five-foot leather "Bull Whip" is used to beat the prisoners. . .

(Via The Stretch)

From out of the past --- from the time when Kingston Penitentiary served what was known as Upper Canada --- comes a day from another century. Each month, by dint of poring through discarded hand-written records. Telescope brings you excerpts from the Warden's Diary. The only changes from the original book, are the officer's names.



The Warden's Diary

1847

I delivered the keys to the Guard Powers at four o'clock when all was reported quiet, Mr. Kulpin on night duty reported all correct during the night. I saw the Deputy Warden come in for the Bell Ringing and went to see the convicts march out for breakfast.

After breakfast, I attended to the Punishment Book. John Reynolds was awarded two dozen of the cats for laughing in the shop at another convict. When the Guard Gibson told him he would be reported for this offence he threw off his apron in angry manner and said he would work no more in that shop; saying he would take the cats and go in the black hole before he would. William Farmsworth was also punished with the cats this morning for refusing to cut stone any more. When he was asked to go with his work by Guard Marmston, he answered, "I have cut stone these past ten years and am not able to cut any longer because I am too old." He received one dozen lashes before he agreed to go back to work.

I visited the Female Prison and dealt with four of the convicts there. The four being Sarah and Jane Hanigan, Penelope Ward, and Jane McGrath. These four are quite troublesome and bear watching at all times. Their offence and punishment is as follows:

Sarah Hanigan, it was reported, did dangerously, in the Roman Catholic Chapel on Sunday last, strike Mrs. Deputy Warden Sullivan a severe blow on the face with her bible, and once again with her bare fist. This woman, it is further reported, has in the past struck several of her fellow prisoners and will use any weapon within her reach. She has also chased Mrs. Gunn out in the yard while passing to her own quarters. She is to be considered too dangerous to be at large among the other prisoners and so we shall keep her confined to her own cell from this time forward.

Jane Hanigan, the above convict's sister, will also be kept locked in her

cell from this time forth because she has sworn to avenge her sister at the first opportunity.

Jane McGrath will receive a whipping and placed in the Dark Cell for 48 hours for severely striking Matron McCarthy about the face several times until the Matron succeeded in subduing her.

I went to town on my private affairs for two or three hours and I left Mr. Fraser in charge.

At five o'clock I attended to see the convicts to supper and received two complaints about the soup having a great number of tiny worms floating in it. After examining same, I agreed that it was not to be eaten and thrown out. Both men were given a fresh bowl of soup.

After supper I returned to make close scrutiny of the guards as there have been more reports that they are sleeping on duty. Three of the guards have been caught sleeping on their posts and have been severely punished in these past two weeks. As I stated before, this cannot and will not be tolerated.

I delivered the keys to the Guard Powers at four o'clock when all was reported quiet. Mr. Kuplin on night duty reported all correct during the night.

At breakfast I saw the convicts proceed to their seating. Then I attended to the Punishment Book. John Buchan and Charles Smith were ordered to receive two dozen lashes with the cats for quarrelling and fighting in the Tailor Shop.

Denise Gagnon and Alex Smith, for talking while marching from the Shoe Shop to the Dining Hall, will spend 24 hours in the Dark Cells and six meals bread and water.

David Fox will lose his bed for one week for continually smiling at the breakfast table after being repeatedly told not to, by Guard Cooper.

John Adamson, for staring at Guard Thorpe at the breakfast table and then saying "I want to speak to old Gersey," when asked what was wrong with him. When the Guard reproved him for his impertinence he said, "You may report me as soon as you please and then jump into Hell." For this Adamson will receive one dozen lashes and 72 hours in the Dark Cell.

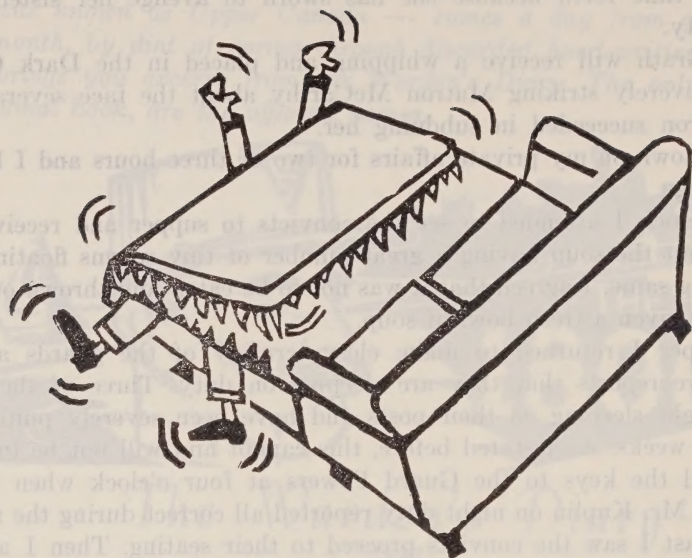
I visited the Rockwood Asylum in the forenoon to see how the construction was coming about and found it to be well along. We will soon be able to move the sixty lunatics which we have been forced to keep locked up in this prison.

I then visited the Female Prison and attended to the Punishment Book. Convict Margret Buargoyne was found to be hiding some chewing tobacco in her straw tick and for this she will spend one week in the Dark Cell.

I saw the convicts proceed to their supper and to their seating. Later I saw them proceed to their cells and the closing of the prison.

I returned to my quarters for supper at ten minutes past five o'clock. Visited the prison at eight o'clock and was told all was correct. I had a short talk with Guard Whiteson in the Keeper's Hall. This guard is on night duty most of the time now because of recent years he has grown so fat that if he comes to work in the day time, the convicts take every opportunity to ridicule him.

I retired to my quarters at the hour of nine o'clock and twenty minutes, and went to my bed.



INSTANT HILARITY

M. D

In the past decade, scientists have dabbled in every direction. Today, one is definitely not in the know if not aware that camels are capable of gulping thirty gallons of water in a third as many minutes...; or that turtles live for centuries...; and the paramecium is a reincarnate one-celled animal.

Thanks largely to these self same researchers, leaps and bounds have been accomplished in another direction, particularly merchandising. Many household items, if not already instant are well on the way! We have instant rubber gloves (which are sprayed on) ... dandy for surgeons and burglars; instant suits of paper

for the low income executive ... instant plaster casts for simple and compound fractures ... instant galoshes ... instant sun-tans ..., instant insecticides, so powerful that they are guaranteed to stun anything up to the elephant category and when fired leave a pink mushroom cloud behind; and so on and on.

All this can only equal one thing ... instant peril for the unwary.

Arthur Muldoon was a furniture salesman. Unwary, dedicated and wide-eyed was he.

On one particular day, after losing some of his professional aplomb by tripping over a footstool while entertaining a man-and-wife prospect, he

determined to sell them a combination chesterfield-pull-out-bed.

"This pullout series is outstanding and our newest... it has a personality of its own," intoned Arthur as he pulled out the bed section.

"It looks fairly comfortable," mumbled the woman.

"Oh, indeed it is, madam! It has been designed to withstand anything and all sizes and shapes. No reflection on your figure of course," Arthur hastily added, averting his eyes.

"Do they ever close up on the unsuspecting sleeper?" inquired the woman, looking quite foolish for asking.

"Good Heavens, No!" snorted Arthur emphatically. "Allow me to demonstrate."

Arthur Muldoon, showing bravery above and beyond the call of duty, and in the code of all good salesmanship, leaped onto the open jaw of the bed. After bouncing several times, he lay back, his face showing to all that he enjoyed his work.

Suddenly... the bed, having had enough of Arthur, emitted a squeal of childish delight and snapped shut!

Arthur, unsuspecting fellow that he was, managed to say only one thing: "Aaaarrrrrgggggg ..."

While the customers stood transfixed, aghast at these strange goings on, the chesterfield calmly chewed ... Arthur, of course!

The man-with-wife prospect exchanged fearful looks as they exited hastily. He said unbelievably, "I swear that monstrosity was smiling!"

Is it any wonder that throngs of passer-bys now stop and ponder, chuckle and gape at the sign now hanging in the store window, which reads:

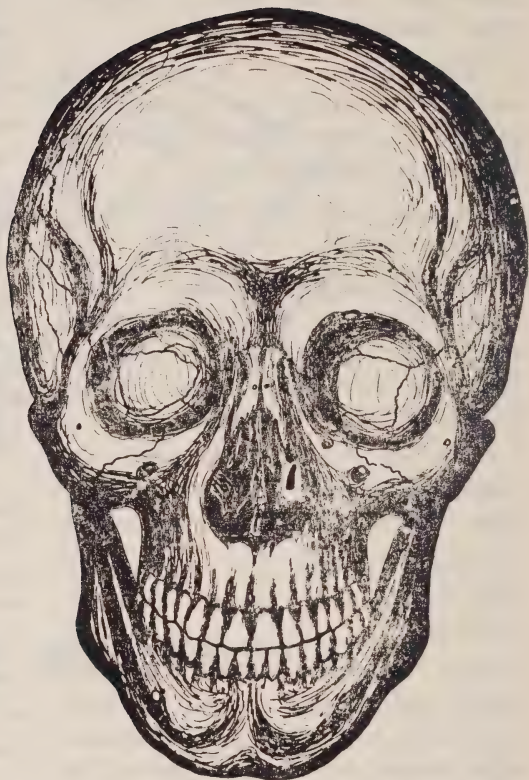
ATTENTION BOTANISTS:

ONE (1) synthetic, pull-out-bed with cannibalistic, carnivorous tendencies FOR SALE.

We ask, how... just how, can a mere man survive in this instant perilous world of ours?



**SHOULD
IT
BE
LEGALIZED ?**



SUICIDE !

Staff Written

The majority of people, if asked, would say that suicide is wrong for no other reason than that man's life, being a gift from God, belongs to Him, and only God has the right to decide how long a man shall live and when he shall die. Others would say that suicide is opposed to natural human instincts; healthy-minded men take pleasure in life and enjoy even facing difficulties. Still others would insist that to commit such an act is a dereliction of duty, since "we are all members one of another," and should make ourselves useful in the commun-

ity to which we belong. And misfortunes, such as apparently incurable disease, are not sufficient excuse for deserting our post.

But many religious, several Christian sects, and some philosophers have praised and practised suicide. In fact, the Christian Church did not denounce it until the Council of Arles, A.D. 623. The essence of their beliefs is that men are not responsible for the obligation to go on living, which they did not undertake of their own free will. They claim that we do not know what is

natural or instinctive in man. Many "instincts," they say, are incompatible one with the other and civilization had developed through the repression of instincts. What may be culpable in a healthy-minded man, may quite well be natural to a sick mind, and most suicides are neither healthy or happy. Some of these same people go on to claim that suicide is often a benefit to the suicide's family and friends, and not infrequently to the community in which he lives.

Those people who are against the idea of any person killing himself, also back up their argument by saying that struggling with adversity at once mold's one's own character and sets a good example to others. And the suicides of older people, with more or less apparent excuse, have, through being condoned by a weak public opinion, a disastrous effect on a number of adolescents, who magnify petty disap-

pointments into incurable tragedies, and kill themselves instead of facing their difficulties. Thus they reason that the law should continue to punish attempts at suicide; it deters the culprit from other attempts and prevents others from following his example.

The other school of thought believe that to commit suicide, a healthy man must have received great provocation and possess great courage. And they reason that the laws against suicide should be abolished for they punish, not suicide, but lack of success in attempting it. Just when some unhappy human being is most in need of help and sympathy the law threatens prosecution for a crime. They claim that suicide is not anti-social, and the law should deal with things that are.

Bibliography:

Samuel Glover, PROS AND CON; (W & J Mackay & Co., Ltd., Eng.) 11 ed. Rev. 1948.

NO SUCH THING??

After diligent research, we have discovered that there is no such thing as a first offender. The explanation is quite simple.

When you were an infant in the crib, you yelled and disturbed the entire household. That's disorderly conduct.

At the age of five, you steadily made your way into the kitchen and stole some jam while your mother was occupied elsewhere. That is petty-larceny.

As a boy of ten, you played hooky from school to go fishing or to a show and wrote an excuse to the teacher, signing your father's or mother's name. That's forgery.

Reaching manhood, you married, and at the church you promised to love and cherish. That's perjury.

You kept quarreling with your wife until she was aflame with anger and that is arson.

After your divorce, you kept out of trouble until you were forty and then you married a girl of nineteen. Shame on you, cradle snatching that way. That is kidnapping.

But the payoff comes when you sit out in the yard and have the gall to tell your bored audience of fellow inmates that you're here on a bum rap.

That is murder!

L.W. & D.M. / *Apalachee Diary*



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

—T. Thompson

It was 12:05 in the afternoon at the corner of Peel and St. Catherine streets, downtown Montreal. The traffic was fairly heavy and a large crowd of people were impatiently waiting for the traffic light to change. It did. The crowd surged into the street rudely jostling a well-dressed individual, who, for some reason, chose to remain standing on the curb. He reached for a cigarette and while lighting it up, once more was violently jostled by another crowd coming from across the intersection. He muttered a curse, stared at the back of one offender, shrugged his shoulders in resignation, and nonchalantly glanced at the imposing structure of the bank building before him. He puffed deeply on his cigarette before flipping it away, looked at his watch, and moved towards the big revolving doors.

Six minutes previous to this, inside

the building, the manager of the bank a Mr. Warren P. Greely, had idly strummed his thick fingers on the top of his desk. He had sighed, ran a hand over his bald head, lightly patted his swollen paunch, and wearily pulled himself out of his chair. After straightening his tie, he had went out to make his regular 12 o'clock appearance.

Mr. Greely had glanced around at the few customers, nodded at one whom he had recognized and unhurriedly sauntered over to the clicking teletype machine. There he read the description of some bad cheques which were in circulation at the present time. When the machine stopped receiving, he had carefully ripped the message off and carried it over to Joel Brown, who had been quickly stamping and shuffling his way through large piles of cancelled cheques.

Slow day, Mr. Greely had thought

as his eyes slowly wandered about his domain. His eyes had stopped a moment, resting on the bulky figure of Harold Owens in cage number one, who was at that moment counting out some money for an old women. Good man, thought Greely, very dependable, never took a day off in six years. That boy's going to go places some day. Only thirty-six now,...just a few more years and he'll be moving up the ladder.

His glance had moved on to cage number two. Inside it Mr. Morely had been busy counting money into his drawer. 'Humph', thought Greely, he must know I'm watching him. Yes.... for some reason Morely seems to impress people with the idea that he might try something foolish some day. He had made a mental note of this familiar thought. Fellow always looks like he just got caught with his hand in your pocket for some reason.

His eyes had then drifted over to cage number three. In it Joyce Shiak had been filling out one of the many forms. She had been unconscious of him watching her and his eyes had lingered for a moment longer than they should have as he admired her attractive build. Beautiful specimen, he had thought. Too bad I wasn't a little younger....Oh well, nothing can be done about that I suppose. He had reluctantly forced his eyes over to the next cage.

Its occupant was eighteen-year-old David Sharpe. Nice boy, he had thought. His father had been a good man before he had passed on. Greely had heard that David was supporting his mother now that she was unable to work and he greatly admired the boy for it. I guess I'll raise his salary next week, he had thought as he turned

and entered his office.

Harold Owens, in cage number one had shut his drawer with a bang as the old woman had shuffled towards the door. She must be some kind of nut, he had thought. She comes into the bank every day and withdraws five dollars from her savings account. No wonder I'm sick and tired of this business! I should have quit years ago. And "Old Blubber Belly" coming out of his cave every hour-on-the-hour to look over everyone's shoulder and count the money they're handing out. I'll bet he doesn't trust his mother yet, and he's been living with her all his life!

In cage two, Mr. Morely had finished counting the one's and two's for the tenth time that day. All correct! It made him feel proud to never have a penny under, nor a penny over the correct amount. Morely prided himself on never making a mistake and most of his day was used up checking and rechecking everything he did. He felt that perfection was one thing that everybody respected and he was greatly in need of everyone's respect. Or at least, that was the way that he felt! Actually most people thought he was a little strange.

Joyce had been totalling the cost of the groceries she would have to buy for the coming weekend on one of the many bank's forms. Bill Carter was getting leave again and they were going to spend it all alone at the cottage like they had done the previous weekend. It will be wonderful when we are married, she had thought, smiling to herself. They were still saving their money so that they could start their marriage right....

David Sharpe's shaking hand had snatched at his handkerchief and he

had hurriedly swiped at the perspiration which had threatened to run down his face. "Thank God he's gone!" he had murmured to himself as his eyes had nervously flicked from side to side. Every time he looks my way, I think he has caught on to my little operation. David had swiped at his forehead again and casually looked around at the other workers. He could not understand how the others supported themselves on the wages "Old Skin Flint" paid them. I guess they all dip into the money now and then themselves, he had thought.

David had a simple operation going and apparently no one had the slightest suspicions about his activities. Each day he would casually look through the filing cards and copy a signature and its corresponding account number onto a slip of paper. Later he would cash a forged withdrawal slip for a small sum and pocket the money. There was never any complaint, because he would always withdraw the money from an account which had been neglected for the past eight or nine years. A very smart operation

Joel Brown had scrutinized a cheque for the third time. Another phoney, he had thought. No—just that old woman with her five dollar withdrawal slip. "She must have forgotten how to spell her name again," he had muttered to to himself. She doesn't even bother to write it half of the time; she just drops a blot of ink on the signature line and smears it around. It's people like this that drive others crazy! He had impatiently slapped the slip on the growing pile of cancelled cheques and picked up the next one still talking to himself.

At exactly 12:05, the well-dressed individual emerged from the revolving

doors and casually strolled across the floor. His eyes moved swiftly about the large room and along the teller's cages. David looked up as the man approached him.

"Can I help you sir?" asked David.

"Yes—would you cash this please?" he replied, sliding a cheque under the wicket.

David glanced at the amount, the account number, and the signature and asked, "Do you have an account with us sir?"

"No I haven't."

"Do you have some identification with you?"

"Yes," he answered producing a driving license, car ownership, and a well-known credit card.

"Fine!" said David writing the address and driving license number on the back of the cheque. "That's two hundred and eighty-five dollars. Is that corrects sir?"

"Yes."

"And how would you like it sir?" asked David pulling open his cash drawer.

"Tens and twenties please."

David counted out the money, recounted it, and shoved it under the wicket. The gentleman picked it up, hurriedly recounted it, smiled, and strolled towards the door.

The doors revolved and two men pushed their way into the bank. The gentleman made as if to walk around them, when suddenly one produced a wicked-looking, sawed-off shotgun from beneath his raincoat and said, "Alright buddy, walk over to the wall and don't give us any trouble!"

"*This is a holdup!*" Shouted the other man, "*Don't any one move!*"

The first man vaulted the counter and stood in the middle of the employ-

ee's section brandishing his deadly weapon. The other thief produced an automatic pistol and motioned for the gentleman to follow the crowd of captives into the manager's office. In they went, unannounced and caught Mr. Greely in the middle of a nap. He awoke with a start, looked wildly around for a moment, and lunged out of his chair.

"*What is the meaning of this?*" he asked gesticulating wildly.

"Sit down Slim!" growled the bank robber. "This is a stickup so don't make any noise."

Mr. Greely thudded back into his chair, "*My God!*" he said, "*don't shoot!*"

"Alright, everybody move over and put their hands high up on the wall and keep your mouths shut."

Everybody hurried to obey the robber's orders.

The other thief, who had remained in the main room of the bank, hurriedly emptied the teller's drawers into a sack. Moments later, he entered the vault and filled two more bags with large handfuls of money.

"*Okay Fred,*" he called, "*Lets go.*"

The bank robber in the office, told the employees what to expect if they interfered with the operation and started for the door.

For some unexplainable reason, David chose at that moment to turn around. The startled bank robber swung and fired at the blurred target before actually realizing what was happening. David fell to the floor with a fatal wound in his chest.

The sound of the shot was heard by Detective Bill Carter, who was off duty and window shopping with his

wife across the street from the bank. He recognized the sound immediately and, tugging out his revolver, he ran to the bank's entrance.

The thief with the money bags stumbled out of the revolving doors and over to an automobile parked at the curb. He flug two bags of the money through the open rear window of the car and started to open the front door.

"*Stop or I'll shoot!*" shouted the policeman.

The robber's head jerked around as he raised his gun to shoot the intruder. But Bill Carter fired first and knocked the man sprawling onto the sidewalk.

Fred, the other bank robber, came through the revolving doors on the run, took the scene in at a glance and fired two shots in rapid succession at the stranger. The first bullet went high with a whining sound, ricocheting off the roof of the car. But the second caught the policeman in the hip and he spun and fell to the street almost on top of his fallen foe.

Fred climbed into the idling car, put it into gear, and screamed away from the curb.

Meanwhile, inside the bank Harold Owens crept out of the office, took a quick look around to make sure the thieves had left, and ran to the vault to check the damage. Inside the big safe, he saw that the money had been scattered in all directions resembling the scene of an explosion. Suddenly it occurred to him that this was an ideal opportunity to take some of the money without any danger of getting caught; so he began to pick up bills of large denominations and stuff them into his pockets. He was, in fact, doing just this when Mr. Morely ran into the vault and caught him.

Several policemen entered the bank in a frenzy, hoping to catch some robbers inside. But, seeing that they were too late, they settled down to questioning the excited employees.

Mr. Morly, of course, exposed Harold Owens' attempt to take this opportunity to get rich quick and he was immediately arrested for his crime. Detective Jones, the investigating officer, surprised everyone by arresting the well-dressed individual too, because, as it turned out, he recognized the man as being a "wanted" forger. Later it was proven in court that this man had cashed a phoney cheque in the bank, just before it had been robbed.

The local newspaper told the story of the robbery with screaming headlines, large pictures of the scene of the crime, and colourful stories of the people involved.

This was where Joyce found out the truth about Bill Carter. Immediately under her boyfriend's picture, titled *Hero of the Day*, Joyce read how this husband and father of two had risked his life in an attempt to capture the bank robbers. For some reason this seemed to upset her more than the robbery had done and she quit her job at the bank and returned to her home town.

And poor Bill Carter! Although he had killed one of the men and positively identified the other, and was given the highest award in the police department, he was a very unhappy man. For the bullet from the robber's gun had crippled him for life!

Mr. Greely also had his picture in every newspaper across the country: pointing to the chair in which he had been sitting when the robbers had en-

tered his office, indicating the wall where they had all been lined up; and so on. He became very popular at his Club for two weeks and many of the members were proud to say they knew him. But later, after hearing the story many times, with as many variations, they began to avoid him as much as they possibly could. Greely never seemed to miss an opportunity to tell others of how terrible the experience had been, but every Club member knew that he thought that it was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to him.

Mr. Morely was given the exalted position of Chief teller and a raise of twelve dollars a month for foiling Harold Owen's attempt to steal nine thousand dollars out of the vault that afternoon. But he did not seem to appreciate the reward very much. In fact, he grew very despondent and actually tried to commit suicide two weeks later . . . around the same time that Joel Brown was made assistant manager.

The escaped bank robber, identified as Fred Firges was captured in a desperate gun battle in a flop house in the east end of town. The police closed in on him only after he had used up all of his ammunition, but even then they had a terrible time trying to subdue the killer. At last, unconscious, he was dragged from his hide-out and taken to jail for interrogation. He denied all charges and during his trial continued to plead his innocence, but the jury found him guilty on all charges. For his crimes he was sentenced to hang!

In his summation the judge quoted George Eliot, saying, "*That is the bitterest of all,—to wear the yoke of our own wrong-doing.*"

TELESCOPE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

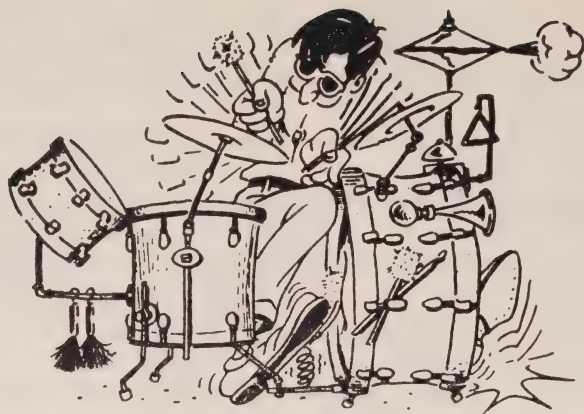
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12				13			14			
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32				33		34		35		
36				37		38		39		
40				41		42				
43	44	45		46		47			48	49
51				52				53		
54					55			56		
57					58			59		

ACROSS

1. Perceives
 5. Brimless hat
 8. Take up capacity
 12. Sea eagles
 13. Unite
 14. Thought
 15. Marry
 16. Make support
 18. Suffix
 19. Sam _____
 20. Abstract being
 21. Tumult
 23. Ignited
 25. One more
 28. Feeling high (sl.)
 32. Sound
 33. Thick vein of a leaf
 35. Fermented drink
 36. Stalks
 38. Mourning songs or tales
 40. Perch
 42. 7 to 1
 43. Fur piece
 46. Lively tunes or airs
 48. Musician: _____ Gershwin
 51. Hermit
 53. Stern
 54. Roman Emperor
 55. Night before
 56. Poker pot
 57. Residue
 58. Title
 59. Russian Emperor
- Answers on page 32

DOWN

1. Half
2. Centuries
3. To install (A bishop, etc.)
4. Compass point
5. Opposite
6. Princess
7. Lever
8. Tree
9. Inactive
10. Thin
11. Spreads
17. Publish
19. Note of scale
22. Articles
24. Faint-hearted
25. Donkey
26. _____ King Cole
27. Lacerate
29. Old age _____ (pl.)
30. Took a chair
31. Yards (abr)
34. Absorber
37. Pit
39. Items
41. Wears out
43. A company of musicians
44. Hard blow
45. Land measure
47. Son of Jacob
49. Wheel (Latin)
50. One who mimics
52. Greedy (sl.)
53. Piece of butter



The Rhythm Room

Reno Taylor

Once again it's time to say hello and let you know what is happening in the Rhythm Room. Since our last article we have got the green light for a gig on Field Day and needless to say we have been going like mad getting ready. Amid snapping strings and one of my amp speakers blowing, we are getting some pretty wild sound. The group that is working out for this gig is strictly rock and roll. Its a big yard and a small group so we have to make a lot of noise. The group (and more may be added) is made up of our versatile piano-player Ken Camponi, Al Thayer, on base, and our sax man is Henry Monk—here is a guy that has come a long way and deserves a note of credit.—yours truly on guitar, and the heart beat of the group is Ernie Dillon on drums. We have a real gone singer, Red Milne, who gives quite a version of the twist along with his songs. If we can get Ben Bensette off his fracture board long enough maybe he will lay a gem on us. Yes, I kept the bongos and he gave up. We are

not to get off so lucky though.....he thinks maybe he missed his call and is another Caruso. Is there any hope?

A word here to Brian Olney the oldest teenager on T.V. We booked your last *Teenaged Dance Party* and will be looking for you and the *Monarchs* this Fall. We also dig your radio show. To coin a phrase "Its a gas". What is with the request program though? There is at least five hundred guys here, and I'm sure the girls across the street, miss this program too....?

We read in Howie Halpenny's article in the *Joyceville Journal* where they had quite a concert last May.

Most of the performers names were well known to us, being fellows who played here before transferring to Joyceville. Well done cats, wish we could have booked your act.

No news to report from Frank in the radio room, other than the new power plant is working fine. They took some swinging rock-and-roll records and made a tape for us over here in "A" Dorm to get words, beat, etc. We made

a hookup to my amp and he threw some of that 50 watts at us.....crazy!

We have heard where Gary Townsend won the North America Fiddling Championship. It's nice to hear our Canadian talent came out on top. Congratulations Gary and the best of luck in the future competition from all of us! We have a few Country and Western fans up here. You would be surprised who you could catch listening to W.W.V.A. at two A.M.! Dave

Montgomery heard one of his Country and Western players pick'n out a real foot stomper about two months ago and went all simple. He got himself a guitar and the two of them can't be parted. By the way since our last article John Lalonde went under with the clarinet and plays the duck every time I ask him about it. This one is too much for us.....

Well swingers R.T. again saying keep it cool and we'll dig you next month..

BUT GOD HOW WE LOOK FOR A FLAW

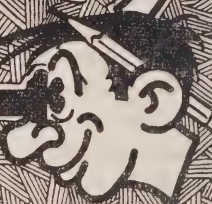
The following poem appeared in a speech delivered by Mr. A.M. Kirpatrick, Executive Director of the John Howard Society, at London Ontario on January 30th 1959. Unfortunately, the author's name is lost to us but the sentiments he expressed so poignantly, will remain as long as cynicism and hypocrisy exist. It was written by an inmate incarcerated at the reformatory at Brampton.

When some fellow yields to temptation,
And breaks a conventional law.
We look for no good in his makeup,
But God how we look for a flaw.
No one will ask," How tempted?"
Nor allow for the battle he's fought,
His name becomes food for the jackals,
For one who has never been caught.

"He has sinned!" we shout from the rooftops,
We forget the good he has done,
We centre on one lost battle,
And forget the times he has won.
"Come, gaze on the sinner!" we thunder,
And by his example be taught,
That his footsteps lead to destruction!"
Cry we who have never been caught.

"I'm a sinner, oh Lord and I know it,
I'm weak, I blunder, I fail.
I'm tossed on life's stormy ocean,
Like ships embroiled in a gale.
I'm willing to trust in there mercy,
To keep the commandments you've taught,
But deliver me Lord from the judgments,
Of the saints who have never been caught.

Telescoping Sports



Vince Mulligan

K.P. SAINTS WIN "CONGRESS GOLD"

*RED McKILLOP CHOSEN AS MOST OUTSTANDING PLAYER
ROOKIE PITCHER DAVIE JOHNSTONE PAVES WAY FOR
SAINTS VICTORY*

Dateline August 3/64. A great day for the "Congress and a greater day for the Saints.

With pennants and banners gently waving in the breeze, distinguished and notable guests present, grandstands overflowing with officionadoes Johnny Fox the Umpire in Chief gave the "play ball" signal.

It was Trudeau Motors of Belleville vs. Toronto's Acme Furnishings. The Motormen went out to win by a squeaky margin of 5 - 4. Green was the winning pitcher, the loss went to Lowe.

Then came the first big game for the Saints. It was the K.P. Saints vs. Boyd Electric of Kingston, Saints Mgr. McVeigh set up his big guns, with one *almost* startling surprise. He was starting rookie hurler Davie Johnstone. The experts were somewhat aghast. But McVeigh's the manager, we are only reporters.

The Saints big guns were lined up as follows: First base, Herb Handy. Second base, Red "Firebrand" McKillop. Third base, Ernie Coates. Short stop, Freddie McVeigh. Left field, Jack Perdue. Centre field, Wally Johnson. Right field, Ricky Windsor. The battery, on the mound, Davie Johnstone and behind the plate, Rocky Thibeault.

It was a scoreless game going into the 6th. Johnstone giving up 3 hits up to that point as compared to 1 hit given up by Boyd's hurler E. Litchfield. The Saints came to bat in their half of the sixth—here's the story: McVeigh struck out, Windsor got a base on balls, McKillop moved Windsor to second when a costly error to Boyd's second baseman Cadue paid the Redhead's rent on first. The Saints had 2 men on. Wally Johnson banged out a single, now the bases were full and Litchfield was in a stew—a Mulligan Stew. Jack Perdue's chances were foiled as he went out at the count of three. Herb Handy was the man. He

slammed out a standup double bringing in Challette and McKillop. Challette was sent in to run for Windsor when Windsor was ejected from the game for a violation of conduct. An interesting highlight would be to note the fact—that the Saint's bat-boy, Johnny Tryon was also ejected for giving Windsor some vocal assistance.

The Saints were now front running by a score of 2-0. The onus was on Davie Johnstone, it was do or die, he had to hold the Electricians scoreless for another 2 innings. He did! Saints win 2 - 0.

PITCHING STATISTICS

PITCHERS	RUNS	IP	H	BB	SO	WP	ER
Johnstone	0	7	4	3	4	0	0
Litchfield	2	7	4	4	14	0	1

The "Allen Congress Trophy" was now a game nearer to resting on the Saints Mantle. The P.M. game was scheduled for 1 o'clock with the Saints going up against the equally confident team from Belleville, Trudeau Motors. McVeigh's defensive set up for the final game was basically the same as the early game. Ernie Coates was replaced on number three base by Pete Challette. The Starting Pitcher was Wally Dumas the Saints leader in the pitching department.

The game was held scoreless up until the top of the 4th when a hit by short-stop Plane sparked the visitors into a 1-0 lead. A hit in the top of the 7th by McGuire, Trudeau's second baseman added another run on the credit side of the visiting Motormen. The visitors were now front-running by a score of 2-0 The Saints retaliated with 4 clean hits in their half of the 7th inning by McKillop, Johnson, Handy, Challette. McKillop and Johnstone scored to tie the game. Dumas held the visitors scoreless in the 8th. The Saints counted 2 more runs with hits by Windsor and Dumas. The Saints were now front running 4-2. The final inning was scoreless, Saints were crowned Congress Champs. The Saints infield and outfield played errorless ball to fully deserve their win against the tough opposition. Windsor, Purdue and Johnson were superb in the pasture while second baseman Red McKillop was very effective in a dynamic way. McKillop who earned "The Most Outstanding Player" award caught numerous drives going his way to hold back the ambitious Motormen.

PITCHING STATISTICS

	RUNS	IP	H	BB	SO	WP	ER
Dumas	2	9	8	1	7	0	0
Ethier	4	8	6	1	4	2	3

Congress guests were Syl Apps M.P. who hit the first ball. Bryan Olney and Barry Thompson from the Radio Station C.K.W.S. hopped on the Saints bandwagon and helped cheer them to victory. An excerpt from a recent letter from Bryan received at the Telescope Office reads as follows:

"Behind the wall of K.P., a rather unlikely site for a softball tournament. I was priviledged to see some of the finest softball ever played in Ontario. The

bleachers were packed with an enthusiastic crowd of inmates, who cheered for the visitors as hard as they cheered for the home team. We were lucky to be sitting in the P.A. booth, and got a bird's eye view of the whole field. Vince Mulligan the able P.A. announcer gave us a running commentary on the teams, players and umpires. Quite honestly I had a ball, the most fun I've enjoyed in a long time. The cheers were interrupted now and then with cries of "How's your bird Bryan" and I really felt at home. I must confess that I was pulling for the Saints, and was thrilled when they captured the tournament. All I can say is thanks for the warm reception, and don't forget to invite me next time. . . okay?"

SPILERS COP PENNANT

The Prison's intramural Softball League is officially over. Benny Bensette's "Spoilers" gathering all the spoils. We now move into the Semi-finals with the first and third place teams playing the best 2 out of 3 and the second and fourth place teams playing their best 2 out of 3. The winners of the semi-finals will then meet for the Prison League World Series. Coverage of that big series will be reported in the next issue of your "TELESCOPE"

The season's Statistics as compiled by Ike Crellian are all listed below.

LEAGUE STATISTICS

Team Records	Win	Lose	Pts.	B.A.	F.A.
1 Spoilers	11	4	22	.335	.899
2 Mustangs	7	8	14	.286	.903
3 Strollers	6	9	12	.286	.895
4 Cobras	6	9	12	.282	.903

Third and fourth positions decided by 7 inning game—to Strollers

Pitching Records	I.P.	HTS	B.B.	S.O.	E.R.A.	W.	L.
1 Dumas	127	119	41	101	3.25	6	7
2 Rodrique	94	87	43	71	4.11	8	3
3 Johnstone	117	159	17	99	4.84	6	6
4 Sperry	31	22	2	26	1.44	3	1
5 Brindley	35	45	17	20	5.13	3	1

Top Ten Batters

1 McVeigh	.475
2 Coates	.440
3 Johnston	.400
4 Larkin	.390
5 Lalonde	.379
6 Robinson	.365
7 Challette	.356
8 Gray	.350
9 Duquesne	.333
10 Upshaw	.333
11 Cook	.333

Top Ten Fielders

1 Yorkie	.974
2 Bowman	.953
3 McKillop	.952
4 Challette	.950
5 Lalonde	.946
6 Thibeault	.938
7 McKnight	.935
8 Sweet	.933
9 Coates	.929
10 Handy	.920

Top Three

1 Coates
2 Lalonde
3 Challette

Top Players in Various Departments

R.B.I.'s			Hits		Doubles		
1	Robinson	(20)	1	McVeigh	(28)	1	McVeigh (7)
2	Perdue	(19)	2	Johnston	(24)	2	Larkin (7)
3	Larkin	(18)	3	Larkin	(23)	3	Coates (6)
			4	Robinson	(23)		
Triples			Home Runs		Walks		
1	Larkin	(5)	1	Johnson	(3)	1	Cook (13)
2	Palmer	(3)	2	Robinson	(3)	2	Handy (11)
3	Breen	(3)	3	Palmer	(3)	3	McVeigh (9)
4	Lalonde	(3)					

TEAMS AND AVERAGES

SPOILERS

1	Bowman	.261	.953
2	Brindley	.118	.750
3	Coates	.440	.929
4	Joseph	.095	.555
5	Lalonde	.370	.946
6	McVeigh	.475	.857
7	Perdue	.308	.917
8	Rodrique	.190	.878
9	Cummings	.333	1000
10	Monk	.333	.917
11	Hope	.833	.750
12	Abraham	.333	.909
Team B.A.		.335	F.A. .899

MUSTANGS

1	Alberts	.208	.887
2	Breen	.181	.906
3	Johnstone	.255	.897
4	Thibault	.280	.938
5	Gray	.350	.833
6	Aube	.273	.800
7	Larkin	.390	.857
8	McKillop	.308	.952
9	Yankula	.250	1000
10	Mays	.235	.800
11	Tryon	.250	1000
12	Panchuk	—	.666
13	Morrison	.333	.929
14	Jacques	—	—

STROLLERS

1	Brown	.095	.625
2	Eby	.299	.868
3	Cook	.333	.917
5	Handy	.250	.920
6	Palmer	.262	.879
7	Sweet	.308	.933
8	Challette	.356	.950
9	DeCoach	.250	.800
10	DuQuesne	.333	.684
11	White	.300	.833
12	Russel	—	—
Team B.A.		.286	F.A. .895

COBRAS

1	Benning	.286	.904
2	Johnstone	.400	.902
3	McKnight	.258	.935
4	Robinson	.365	.915
5	Yorkie	.143	.974
6	Upshaw	.333	.826
7	Sullivan	.273	.826
8	Partika	.231	.666
9	Lavoie	.200	.750
10	Sperry	.182	.550
11	Holditch	.143	.900
12	Windsor	.333	.714
13	Smith	—	—
Team B.A.		.282	F.A. .903

THE SQUARE

SHOULD HE COME BACK ?

(Via Canadian Pacific Spanner)

Not too many years ago, the word "Square" was one of the finest words in the English language. You gave a man a square deal if you were honest; you stood foursquare for the right as you saw it, and square against every thing else; when you got out of debt, you were square with the world and you could look your fellow man square in the eye.

Then a lot of strange characters got hold of this honest, wholesome word, bent it all out of shape and gave it back to our children. Now everyone knows what a square is. He is the man who never learned to get away with it. A Joe who volunteers when he doesn't have to. A guy who gets his kicks from doing something better than everyone else can.

A square is a boob who gets so lost in his work that he has to be reminded to go home. A character who doesn't have to spend his evenings puttering in a basement workshop and his weekends scraping the bottom of a boat because he's putting all his elbow grease and steam into doing a satisfactory job on the job he's getting paid to do.

A square is a fellow who laughs with his belly instead of his upper lip; a

slob who gets all choked up when a band plays "O Canada". His tribe isn't thriving too well in the current climate. He doesn't believe in opening all the packages before Christmas. He's burdened down with old fashioned ideas of honesty, loyalty, courage and thrift. And, he may be already on his way to extinction.

Laughter today is stored in Hollywood cans, just as U.S. gold was once stored at Fort Knox. It is taken out as needed and pasted onto T.V. films. The laugh track tips us off when things are funny. But, some people want to laugh when they're amused. And some want to decide for themselves whether or not something is funny. This might well mark them as squares, but if it does, they will be in pretty good company. For this country was discovered, put together, fought over and saved by squares. It is easy to prove that Edward Banting, Billy Bishop, Alexander Graham Bell, Brock and almost anyone else you care to include in our national heroes, were squares, simply by thinking of the attitude they might have taken had they not been squares.

Champlain might well have remained at home rather than risk his life



attempting to learn more about the "New World". Brock could easily have argued that he had too few men to oppose invading forces in the war of 1812, but he didn't and won anyway. Bell didn't have to work night and day to perfect the telephone — no one knew then how vital a part of our life it was destined to be. Billy Bishop should probably have stayed away from those flimsy World War I planes. It would have been safer.

It is perhaps a significant fact that what such men actually did is being quietly left out of our school-books. Fewer and fewer of our children seem to know of their exploits, or of their strong and determined reasons; for educators think our children would be more interested in Peter Rabbit or hippetyhop.

Our country has a reputation for appointing Royal Commissions to look into any slight contentious issue. We have had commissions investigate the future of our country's economy, our federal—provincial relations, our magazine industry and almost every other aspect of Canadian life. Perhaps most of all, we need a commission on national heritage to make sure that some of us at least, remember where we have

been.

Today Canada still has a choice and perhaps it has already begun to make that choice. It is just possible that Canadians are going back to their old beliefs in such things as ideals, pride, patriotism, loyalty, devotion and even hard work.

Being a square means being an individual in this nation where the forces of conformity are still strong. Too many of us haven't got the guts to stand up straight and dare to be a square. Because the opposite of square is round and being round is so much simpler. Responsibilities and problems roll off nice and easy. And we can just roll down the path without any bumps, being careful to stay in the middle, because that's where the most comfortable ruts are.

Too many of us know the short cuts, and too many of us don't care where the path leads. Too few of us dare to leave the path because the path is always the easy way, the way most people go. But it is not the path to progress. There is no path to outer space nor inner satisfaction. Only hard work and a spirit of independence and purpose will win these goals.

C'MON GIRLS HEAD 'EM OFF AT THE PASS.

Hamilton—It didn't take 8-year-old Freddie Douglas and his all-girl posse long to re-establish law and order in the neighborhood.

Two men invaded Freddie's home Saturday afternoon, tied him up with a skipping rope and made off with the family's television set.

Freed by a younger brother a few minutes later, Freddie ran into the street, rounded up a group of youngsters and set off in pursuit. After a three block chase the posse caught up with the culprits who abandoned the set and fled over a fence.

Freddie and his girls, Susan Elliott, 12, Branda Morden, 10, and Shelia Weatherup, 9, carried the set home.

(Via: The Windsor Star)

THE

MIRACLE-MAKING

FRENCHMAN

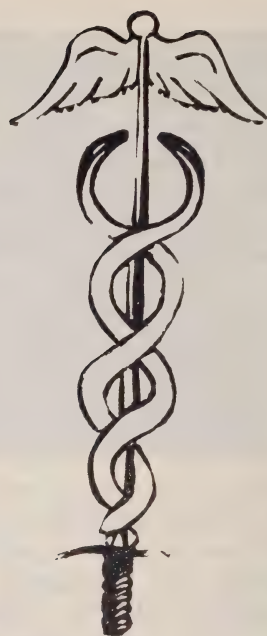
*Dr. Louis Pasteur's Greatest Scientific
Discovery.*

Dr. Louis Pasteur (1822-95) was a French chemist who, through his experiments with bacteria, exploded the myth of spontaneous generation. His work on wine, vinegar, and beer led to *pasteurization*. He also solved the problems of control of silkworm disease and at one specific time in his life he concentrated primarily on finding the antibiotic of Spreading Cholera. The disease often struck the agricultural livestock in those days and broke out in vicious epidemics which killed in vast measures without mercy. He devoted his time and energies seeking for a constructive solution with which the bacteria of this destructive disease could be destroyed. This true story is unusually outstanding, coincidental, and remarkably genuine in its simplicity.

In 1880, Pasteur's researches were diverted to chicken cholera, an epidemic which destroyed 10% of the French fowls. He was soon able to

isolate the germ of this disease and propagate the bacteria of cholera at will. In time, he found that the bacteria's favourite food was chicken soup. So he froze the soup and placed some bacteria on the aspic. Within an hour or two, a few hundred thousand germs dwelled on the jelly substance. When he fed a chicken with this substance, infected with the bacteria of cholera, the chicken immediately caught the disease and died within a couple of days.

Pasteur's laboratory was very poorly equipped and differed greatly from those of to-day. It was a small, dark room spare of furniture; and dust covered the exposed surfaces of a table and two or three chairs and the several cubboards which lined the walls; the occasional cob-web hung suspended from the corners. Dr. Pasteur had a habit of putting things down someplace and then forgetting all about them for days at a time; consequently, when he was through with the aspic for



J.MAYER

the moment, he placed it on a shelf and promptly forgot it.

One day, he made up his mind to make a through clean-up in the laboratory, and throw out everything unwanted and useless. He was in the process of throwing out the aspic, now three weeks old, when his conscience caused him to pause for a moment and examine the substance. Something seemed to arouse his curiosity. He then mixed the aspic with a small amount of glycerine and injected it into some of his experimental chickens.

Within a few hours the symptoms of cholera appeared on the injected chickens. Dr. Pasteur then went home that evening quite convinced that the chickens would be dead the following morning, but when he returned to his laboratory the next day, *Lo and Behold!* the fowls were still alive! The first time, the time previous to this one, all the fowl had died; now all had lived! He was very puzzled about this, but he was unable to arrive at any explanation for the remarkable phenomenon.

Summer came and with it the season of vacationing. Dr. Louis Pasteur, having spent years working without leaving the city of Paris, yielded to his wife's wish to vacation at the Pyreneese. No one cared for the ten injected chickens and they were left in their usual cages. The holiday was in its mid-course when Pasteur returned unexpectedly to his home. An impulse led him to his laboratory. His handyman was almost transposed into a statue of salt when he sighted his master. Pasteur didn't seem to sense the man's excitement and said, "I wish to inject a dozen chickens or so...."

The poor man didn't know what to

say or do in his confusion. He did not think the doctor would arrive so early and his family had consumed the healthy poultry of the laboratory supply. He had, of course, planned to refund Pasteur, but the master's unexpected arrival had upset his plans.

"Monsieur Pasteur," he said, "while you were away a number of the healthy chickens have perished, and there is only two left of them. But also those ten which you have once injected are still living."

The truth was that the man was afraid of infection, so he didn't dare eat the injected chickens.

"Then bring the two healthy ones and those ten injected fowls," he ordered.

As of his habit, he gave all the twelve birds a dose of cholera, infected substance. Subsequently, he separated the two healthy ones and the ten previously infected ones. The next day, he was the eye-witness to the century's most significant happening. Two of the twelve injected chickens died; but the ten fowls which had been previously injected, now lived!

Pasteur instantly recognized what this meant and he called to his assistants, Roux and Chamberland, and said to them, "From now on, the degree of illness I cause to a person relies on me. If I wish, the victim would get the disease only to such a degree that he will convalesce and revive from it. All I need for the injection is a dose of serum that is but a few weeks old. And although a person will get ill from the disease he will not die...and having once pulled through such a mild form of the disease, never again will the same cause be effective on that person."

"This, my friends, is the happiest day of my life!"

Dr. Louis Pasteur went on to discover and demonstrate the entire natural history of the fatal cattle scourge known as anthrax and produce a successful inoculation material which, by inducing a mild attack of anthrax, rendered the inoculated animal immune for a time against a culture of full strength. These methods Pasteur called vaccination. Later still, he began to investigate and devise the curative and preventive treatment of hydrophobia in man and of rabies in dogs. On July 6, 1885, he was bold enough to inocu-

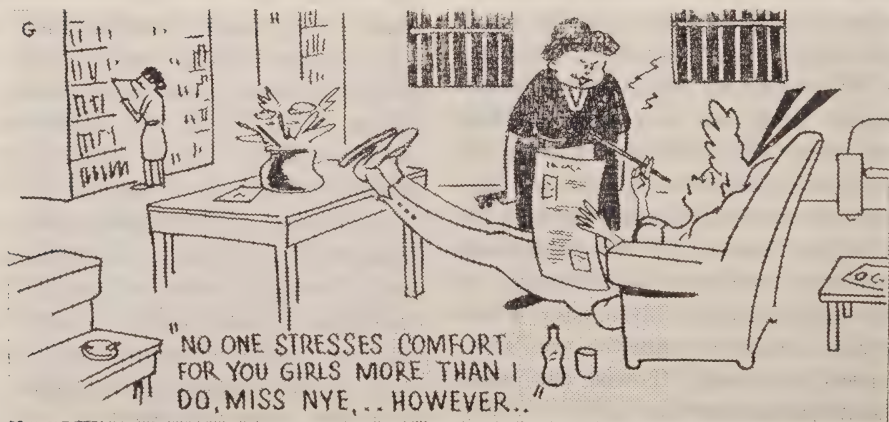
late a human being, a child who had been badly bitten by an infected dog. The experiment was so successful that by November, 1888, the *Institut Pasteur* was founded. Thousands suffering from the dreaded hydrophobia have been treated there and the mortality from this disease has been reduced to much less than 1%.

Rich in years and in honours, this simple and devout Catholic, this great human benefactor, whose scientific acumen and profound sagacity enabled him to solve the problems of the world of the infinitely small (as he called it), passed away quietly near St. Cloud on September 28, 1895.

EXPECTANCY

Alacrity thou wondrous but elusive thing,
Oh what joyous buoyancy you bring,
Do you suppose that you might a little longer stay,
Instead of fading in your usual way?
But no! For there you go, slipping away again,
Just when I thought I had, perhaps, acquired a friend.

---- M.



RECESSIONAL

Jay Johnson

The King my liege lord is a discouraged man. We understand and do not blame him, for the war has been long and bitter and there are so pathetically few of us left, yet we wish that it were not so. We sympathize with him for having lost his Queen, and we too all loved her—but since the Queen of the Blacks died with her, her loss does not mean the loss of the war. Yet our King, he who should be a tower of strength, smiles weakly and his words of attempted encouragement to us ring false in our ears because we hear in his voice the undertones of fear and defeat. Yet we love him and we die for him, one by one.

One by one we die in his defense, here upon this blooded bitter field, churned muddy by the horses of the Knights—while they lived; they are dead now, both ours and the Black ones—and will there be an end, a victory!

We can only have faith, and never become cynics and heretics like my poor fellow Bishop Tibault. "We fight and die; we know not why," he once whispered to me, earlier in the war at a time when we stood side by side defending our King while the battle raged in a far corner of the field.

But that was only the beginning of his heresy. He had stopped believing in a God and had come to believe in gods, gods who play a game with us and care nothing for us as persons. Worse, he believed that our moves are not our own, that we are but puppets fighting in a useless war. Still worse—and how absurd!—that White is not necessarily good and Black is not necessarily evil, that on the cosmic scale it does not matter who wins the war!

Of course it was only to me, and only in whispers, that he said these things. He knew his duties as a bishop. He fought bravely. And died bravely, that very day, impaled upon the lance of a Black Knight. I prayed for him: (God, rest his soul and grant him peace; he meant not what he said.)

Without faith we are nothing. How could Tibault have been so wrong? White must win. Victory is the only thing that can save us. Without victory our companions who have died, those who here upon this embattled field have given their lives that we may live, shall have died in vain. Et tu, Tibault.

And you were wrong, so wrong. There is a God, and so great a God that He will forgive your heresy, because there was no evil in you, Tibault, except as doubt—no, doubt is error but it is not veil.

Without faith we are noth—

But something is happening! Our Rook, he who was on the Queen's side of the field in the Beginning, swoops toward the evil Black King, enemy. The villainous one is under attack—and cannot escape. We have won! We have won!

A voice in the sky says calmly, "Check-mate."

We have won! The war, this bitter stricken field, was NOT in vain. Tibault, you were wrong, you were—

But what is happening now? The very Earth tilts; one side of the battlefield rises and we are sliding—White and Black alike—into—into—a monstrous BOX and I see that it is a mass coffin in which already lie dead....

IT IS NOT FAIR: WE WON! GOD, WAS TIBAUTL RIGHT? IT IS NOT JUST: WE WON!

The King, my liege lord, is sliding too across the squares—

IT IS NOT JUST: IT IS NOT RIGHT: IT IS NOT...

TWO POEMS

UNSUBDUED

I have hoped; I have planned; I have striven,
To the Will I have added the Deed.
The best that was in me was given,
I have prayed, but the Gods would not heed.

I have dared and reached only Disaster,,
I have battled and broken my Lance.
I am bruised by a pitiless Master
Whom the weak and the timid call Chance.

I am old; I am bent, but not broken,
Of all which Youth urged me to win.
But count me not with the defeated,
For, tomorrow, again, I begin.

Author Unknown.

(Submitted by an old Con)



THY TRANSPARENT WALL

O window through whose pane I see,
The vibrant flux of life's beauty;
The clear blue sky which rings this hell
On earth, this life, this barren cell.

The laughter on each smiling face,
Where love propels the human race,
Contrasts this hell I'm held within,
Where problems rule, where spirit's dim.

A crime in passion was my deed;
Now I must sow the public seed.
If I can check this passions ride,
Then I shall live on thy free side.

—Tony Davis



Dear Sirs:

You must find deep gratification in publishing Telescope. The new format really sets it up. But I appreciate most the contents. Your writers cover an interesting range of subjects. What they share from their thinking about life, about relationship, shows a deep sensitivity and insight. It is good to have thoughts from within the K.P. community. And also from outside, such as Mr. Kirkpatrick's article on addiction.

Telescope really reminds us that while we are separated from one another in society, our goal is to be able to live together, contributing to one another, in one society.

Very best wishes to all of you.

Rev. Douglas Reid

Trinity Parish, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you very much for the copy of your magazine. We have read it from cover to cover, and found it very interesting. I am happy to send you one dollar for a years subscription.

Mrs. A. Briault

Camrose, Alberta

Dear Editors:

I have received your fine publication, the K.P. Telescope for about 12 years. It has always been sent to Garth McDowell. My present address is 2514 Irvine Avenue, Saskatoon.

However, I am now receiving two copies when I have only ordered one. The second copy indicates that my sex has changed since it is addressed to Faith McDowell at the same Saskatoon address.

Since I am unaware of any such change being the father of four children, I would be pleased if you would check your files and correct them so that one copy of Telescope is sent to:

Garth McDowell

P.S. Keep up the good work in your publication.

Dear Sirs:

I received a copy of the K.P. Telescope today, the first I have had in a couple of years. I often wondered why I did not get it and thought possibly my subscription had run out, although I did not receive a notice.

I am enclosing a cheque for \$2.00

and would be glad to receive copies regularly.

I thought also that you may have gone out of business. Please don't. It is one of the best magazines I get and I think I now take around forty.

R.I. Moore

Lindsay, Ont.

Dear Sirs:

I would like a subscription to your magazine and I enclose one dollar for same. I am very interested in this wonderful work and looking forward to receiving my first issue. I am enclosing a little poem that I think is so true and which I would like to see in the magazine, if you would care to print it.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. Edith Woodroffe

Toronto Ont.

THE CHANCE

We often hear it said, "Too bad!
No chance in life that youngster had,
His only playground was the street,
That boy was destined for defeat.
Yet hearing that, God might reply,
You, were the chance that passed
him by.

Had you stretched out your hand
to him,

His life might not have been so grim.
It might have helped him had he
heard,

From you, a friendly, cheerful word.

Had you for him but shown the way,
That boy might not have gone astray.

If every youngster could depend,
On just one person for a friend,
His willing councillor and guide
And something of his needs provide,

In every trying circumstance,
Throughout his life, he'd have a
chance.

Were we to set youth's pathway
straight

Our pity would not come too late.
But if as men we pass them by,
And to assist them never try,
Then we will be (and that's too bad)
The chance, some poor boy might
have had.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Sees
5. Cap
8. Fill
12. Erns
13. One
14. Idea
15. Mate
16. Underlay
18. Ish
19. Snead
20. Ens
21. Riot
23. Lit
25. Another
28. Topsy
32. Sane
33. Rib
35. Mead
36. Stems
38. Plaints
40. Sit
42. Odds
43. Boa
46. Lilts
48. Ira
51. Anchoret
53. Poop
54. Nero
55. Eve
56. Ante
57. Dreg
58. Sir
59. Tsar

DOWN

1. Semi
2. Eras
3. Enthroned
4. S.S.E.
5. Counter
6. Anne
7. Pedal
8. Fir
9. Idle
10. Lean
11. Laxs
17. Edit
19. Soh
22. Items
24. Timid
25. Ass
26. Nat
27. Rip
29. Pensions
30. Sat
31. Yds.
34. Blotter
37. Silo
39. Ads
41. Tires
43. Band
44. Oner
45. Acre
47. Levi
49. Rota
50. Aper
52. Hog
53. Pat



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• THE MESSAGE •

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